

who was a widower and was glad to have Mrs. Loomis look after his house and little ones.

On the 1st of June following their arrival the family moved into their own house, which was of the most primitive make. The fire-place was but a few feet high, and, for want of a chimney, the smoke was allowed to escape the best way possible. To his farm there was only a lumberman's road, and the country for miles around was new and wild. Deer, wolves, panthers and bear were plenty, and Mr. Loomis kept his table well supplied with venison and other game. Erastus W., the eldest son, remembers well going to sleep many a night with the howling of wolves sounding in his ears, and that his father's and their neighbors' sheep were often killed by them. The family for years saw hard times and always hard work. One winter the steady cold weather froze the dams, and the mills stopped running, and the whole neighborhood was out of flour, and, with only potatoes to eat, the settlers saw hunger staring them in the face. Finally Uncle Demens, with oxen and an old sled, started for Mr. Keen's mill in Canaan township, and, with flour for the whole neighborhood, returned just at night of a winter's day. Mr. and Mrs. Loomis lived to see the wilderness changed into farms and the log houses replaced with more pretentious ones, and with prosperity came schools, churches and a better civilization. They cleared their farm, built farm-houses and barns, reared a family of children, and passed away mourned and regretted by those who knew them best. Mr. Loomis was for many years in the militia service, and was a lieutenant both in Connecticut and in Wayne County. He was a Democrat, but not an active politician. Mr. Loomis died November 10, 1849; his wife, August 4, 1866. To them were born children as follows: Erastus W., Oliver H., born in 1812, February 20; Daniel D., born November 27, 1814; Reuben F., born June 18, 1817; Hiram P., born December 9, 1819; Marietta, born January 2, 1821, and Lucretia J., born December 25, 1823. Hiram P. married, May 20, 1846, Laura Griswold, who was born July 7, 1826. Their children are Theron O., born February 25, 1848; Oliver G., born August 16, 1857,

died April 21, 1851; Helen A., born February 21, 1860, died November 17, 1860; and Francis E., born December 17, 1862. Erastus W., the subject of this sketch, was born in Torrington, Conn., April 9, 1810. Until seventeen years of age he remained with his father, laboring as soon as old enough for the common good. He then went to live with Francis Griswold, with whom he remained, working by the year, until he was thirty-one years old. Part of the time he received ten dollars per month, and paid his wages until he was of age to his father. On the 20th day of May, 1841, he led to the altar Miss Mehitabel Muzzey, who was born February 22, 1819, and was daughter of Pliny and Mary (Draper) Muzzey. They were Massachusetts people and from a prominent family. They moved into Wayne County about 1825, and bought the farm now owned by Hiram Loomis. In August, 1841, Mr. Loomis bought of W. W. Norton the farm now owned by William Rood, and the newly-married couple commenced life thereon. It was in a bad condition, and Mr. Loomis at once commenced the work of improvement. The house and barns were repaired, fences built and fields cleared, thus doubling its value and making it a pleasant home. Mr. and Mrs. Loomis were for nearly half a century members of the Baptist Church, and for many years both sung in the choir, she as leading soprano, he as tenor. The land on which the church stands was donated by Mr. Loomis. For several years before her death Mrs. Loomis was an invalid and a great sufferer, which she bore with Christian fortitude. She passed away October 18, 1863, leaving a void in Mr. Loomis' home that could never be filled, and four years after he sold the farm, since which time he has lived with his relatives. Mr. Loomis is one of the few who has seen Wayne County a wilderness and now sees it a thickly settled country. The howl of the wolf he hears no more, but, instead, the whistle of the engine and the whir of the mowing machine and reaper; and now, at a ripe old age, he is awaiting calmly and without fear the end of a long and well-spent life.